And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come come, we feare the worst, all shalbe well.
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their clokes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night:
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a darth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truely the soules of men are full of dread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see.
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my young Cosen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Nnckle Gloucester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he should be gratious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout, mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prety Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Mary they say, my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres olde:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a biting iest.
Dut. I pray thee prety Yorke who tolde thee so.
Yor. Granam his nurse.
Dut. His nurse: why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who tolde me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewde.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset.
What newes Lo: Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lo: as grieues me to vnfolde.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is thy newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mighty Dukes, Gloucester and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence.
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what, these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowen to me my gratious Lady.
Qu. Ay me I see the downfall of our house,
The tyger now hath seazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny beginnes to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,

I see